THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

The friend of Socrates—the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of Truth.

Vol. II. *Saturday, December* 5, 1807. *No.* 23.

For the Observer.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW WORK.

Of late our papers and pamphlets have teemed with remarks on the Theatre, and on the various merits and demerits of its actors and singers....By directing our attention too much to the *Stage*, we have forgotten a far more important object, the *Pulpit*.....Your correspondent, the Impartial Observer, made a laudable beginning in that way, but he has stopped short in the undertaking. Profiting by the hint, I intend to perfect his plan, and give to the public a full and impartial examination of all the preachers in this city, their oratorial powers, and their religious tenets, a work very much wanted, and which, I take upon myself to say, I shall execute with tolerable ability.

Your readers will probably be struck with the novelty of the undertaking, but I shall soon convince them, that it is customary in London to make public remarks on the preachers of that city.—My plan is therefore not a new one, and it will come, as every thing else comes from that great metropolis, recommended as an *English* fashion, but adapted to the taste and genius of the good people of Baltimore.

Take the following as specimens of London ecclesiastical criticism :—

" Last Sunday, the Right Rev. Father in God, the Lord Bishop of St. David's, preached a most excellent sermon in the Chapel Royal, before their Majesties, the Princesses (their Royal Highnesses the Princes were on a party at Mrs. Jordan's), and a number of nobility ; Lord Morton attended as Groom of the Stole, and Colonel

Goldsworthy acted as Gold Stick.—The Bishop's sermon lasted exactly 12 minutes and a half by St. James's Clock, and gave much satisfaction to his illustrious auditors—The brilliant diamond on his lordship's finger displayed great taste, and excited general admiration ; her Majesty was graciously pleased to take particular notice of it.—N. B. The Bishop expects to be translated to the see of Canterbury at the next vacancy.

"Same day, the Rev. Dr. Guzzlewell, rector of St. Olavis, delivered a discourse in St. Dunstan'r church in the Strand—the sermon, which was perfectly orthodox, lasted 25 minutes, but owing to his eating too much turtle the preceding evening at a parish feast, the Doctor's voice was not quite so articulate as it should have been—before it was half done, the whole of the congregation fell asleep, except some young ladies and gentlemen in a distant pew, who did not seem to be ruminating on religious subjects.

"Same day, the Rev. Mr. Cantwell delivered a most impressive oration at the new Meeting-house in Saint George's Fields; the congregation were deeply affected by this pious gentleman, and many were stricken down and added to the number of the faithful—among these we observed several females, one of whom seemed to be in the 50th year of her virginity."

Having proved that pulpit criticism is a common practice in London, I may now proceed to develope my plan.

Reckoning black and white congregations, there may be about 25 places of public worship in Baltimore....I have not yet been able to discover a Synagogue in the town, although I am told there is a considerable number of *Jews* amongst us, who, on certain occasions, speak very plain English to some of our *Christian* neighbours. I propose to attend these *Churches* every fortnight in rotation ; I will not undertake to go to them oftener, as I mean to be very exact in my observations—At this rate, I think I may get through the whole of them in about a year ; but as we may naturally expect vast numbers of remarks and observations, answers and replies, and notes

and annotations, from the adherents and defenders of the different sects and persuasions that make up the population of this flourishing city, I think, Mrs. Editor, that you may calculate upon having before you at least two years of constant employment—Your readers may *guess* at the size and value of this work, as it will contain all that ever was said, or ever can be said, on religious subjects.

At first I intended to begin at the east end of the town, and proceed westwardly through the different places of divine worship, but I have altered my plan, and will examine them in Alphabetical order; I shall therefore commence with Messrs. A. B. C. &c. down to the famous crooked letters X. Y. and Z.—I will not set out on my critical perambulation till after the *holydays*—I spell this word agreeably to its original derivation—this will give time to their Reverences to prepare a new set of Sermons, and myself to provide a set of suitable dresses, as I mean to glide into their churches in various characters, sometimes like an old man, and sometimes in the shape of an old woman—I am partial to this latter character, as it is so common; go where I will, whether in public or in private, I see crowds of *old women;* and strange as it may appear, more than half of them wear breeches instead of petticoats!—I know that there will be a sharp lookout for me, but I shall be able to elude the vigilance of the whole of them, whether they be Bishops, Priests, or Presbyters, elders, overseers, or church-wardens.

But I do not mean to depend entirely on my own abilities in this arduous undertaking, although I have a pretty high opinion of myself—Besides my own critiques, notes, and illustrations, I intend to apply for assistance from some of our most eminent polemical writers—If I can overcome the modesty of Bishop H...., from him and his pious friend Mr. Clowes, may be expected some valuable communications on the sublime doctrines of my Lord Baron Swedenborg—An account of Jupiter and Saturn, &c. must be particularly interesting; it will be

both instructive and amusing to hear, how the people of these hitherto unknown regions pass their time, and whether they play the fool as we do on this little bit of earth.

Then your friend Mr. G.., it is hoped, may be induced to favour us with some of his learned observations. It was a most fortunate circumstance for the Christian world, that this ingenious *gentleman* deserted the drudgery of the needle, and recanted from the errors of Deism, and again reposed himself on the bosom of the Church—From his experience in the various sects and schisms of religion and irreligion, he must be a most valuable correspondent in whatever relates to religious disputation.

And when G. B...., Esquire, shall oblige us with some of his incomparable poetry, our work will then be nearly complete.

You need not, Mrs. Editor, be at the trouble of collecting subscribers for this book—All the orthodox and all the heterodox (both Federalists and Democrats) will be eager to purchase it unasked—Even the effigy gentry at Fell's Point will be anxious to get a peep at it.

I am inclined, with your permission, to give the sale of our work to that very obliging gentleman bookseller in ....street—You will be pleased to hear, that Judge D...'s famous witness has generously offer'd to deliver the books, and to receive the money *gratis*—As the learned and accurate editor of the Whig lately said, *verbhim set.*

To add still more to the value of our work, I intend to prefix, or annex to it, either by way of Prologue or Epilogue, a poem entitled "*The Art of Preaching*"—I honestly confess, that this piece is not my own; but I shall so modify and befit it to our subject, that it shall be as good as if written for the occasion.—To gratify the curiosity of your readers, I send you some extracts from this invaluable poem, from which they may form an opinion, *a priori*, what sort of a production it is....

THE ART OF PREACHING.

FROM times of old, Priests are allow'd to preach
Our Saviour's rules, and all *his* doctrines teach;
But, in that sacred name, when they dispense
Flat contradiction to all common sense;

Though fools and bigots wonder and believe,
They cannot men of sense so well deceive.

Some take a text sublime and fraught with sense,
But quickly glide into impertinence:
On trifles eloquent, with great delight
They flourish on some strange and mystic rite;
Clear up the darkness of some useless text,
Or make some crabbed passage more perplext!

Most preachers err (except the wiser few)
Thinking *establish'd* doctrines therefore true;
Others, too fond of novelty and schemes,
Amuse the world with airy, idle dreams—
Thus too much faith, or too presuming wit,
Are rocks where bigots or free thinkers split.

Opinions are like leaves, which ev'ry year
Now flourish green, now fall and disappear.
Once the Pope's bulls could terrify his foes,
And kneeling Princes kiss'd his sacred toes;
He now may damn, or what he will,
There's not a Prince in Christendom will kneel!—
REASON now reigns, and by her aid we hope
Truth may revive, and sick'ning Error droop;
She the sole judge, the rule, the gracious light,
Kind Heaven has lent to guide our minds aright!—

The fun'ral sermon, when at first began,
Was us'd to weep the loss of some good man;
Now, any wretch for one small piece of gold,
Shall have fine praises from the pulpit sold!
But whence this custom rose, who can decide?
From priestly av'rice, or from human pride?—

Truth, Moral Virtue, Piety, and Peace,
Are noble subjects, and the Pulpit's grace;
But zeal for trifles arm'd imperious *Laud*,*
His pow'r and cruelty the nation aw'd!
Why was *he* honour'd with the name of Priest,
And greatest made, unworthy to be least,
Whose zeal was fury, whose devotion pride—
Pow'r his great God, and Int'rest his sole guide?—

Some loudly bluster, and consign to hell
All who dare doubt one word or syllable
Of what *they* call the Truth, and which extends
To whims and trifles without use or ends.
Sure 'tis much nobler, and more like divine,
T'enlarge the path to Heav'n, than to confine—
Insist alone on useful points, or plain,
And know, God cannot hate a virtuous man.

Some things are plain, we can't misunderstand;
Some still obscure, though thousands have explain'd;

Note*—Peruse the reign of Charles I. for the political conduct of this proud and aspiring Bishop, but don't depend on Hume for the truth of *impartial* history—Readers in general are much deceived in their historical researches by this subtle apologist of the House of Stuart.

Those influence more which reason can conceive,
Than such as we, through *faith*, alone, believe ;
In *those* we judge, in *these* you may deceive.
But what too deep in mystery is thrown,
The wisest preachers wisely let alone—
How Adam's fault affects all human kind,
How three in one, and one in three combin'd ;
How certain prescience checks not future will,
And why Almighty goodness suffers ill—
Such points as these lie far too deep for man,
Were never well explain'd, nor ever can.

Of preaching well, if you expect true fame,
Let truth and virtue be your first great aim ;
Your sacred function often call to mind,
And think how great the trust, to teach mankind !
'Tis yours, in useful sermons, to explain
Both what we owe to God, and what to Man ;
'Tis yours the charms of Liberty to paint,
And Country's love in ev'ry breast to plant ;
Yours every social virtue to improve,
Justice, forbearance, charity, and love ;
Yours too the private virtues to augment,
Of prudence, temp'rance, modesty, content.
When such the *Man*, how amiable the *Priest*,
Of all mankind the worthiest and the best !

Preachers and Preaching were at first design'd
for common benefit to all mankind.
Public and private virtues they explain'd,
To goodness courted, and from vice restrain'd ;
Love, peace, and union, breath'd in each discourse,
And their examples gave their precepts force.
From these good men, the Priests, and all their line,
Were honor'd with the title of *Divine*—
But soon their proud successors left this path,
Forsook plain morals for dark points of faith,
Till Creeds on Creeds the warring world inflam'd,
And all mankind, by diff'rent Priests, were damn'd !—

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From the "Athenæum."

MEMOIRS OF EZZELINO DA ROMANO.

(Continued.)

It was impossible that such an affront could be forgiven ; and the deadly feud that ensued between the two families not only involved them and all their dependencies in the calamities of fire and sword, but brought ruin upon the whole country. Ezzelino, though he acquitted his wife of blame in the affair, thought it requisite for his

honour to repudiate her. He married again (as did also the lady) and becoming the head of his house by the death of his father Balbo, he studied to increase his power by alliances, and made secret augmentations of his military force. His new wife bore him several children, among whom was the principal subject of this history, *Ezzelino terzio*, surnamed *da Romano*, from a castle of his father's in Piedmont, where he was born on April 24th, 1194.—Several years passed before any remarkable hostility took place between the two houses, and the first event which happened was a sort of retaliation in kind. The castle of Campretto was possessed in common by Tiso da Campo S. Piero and near relation Maria, a widow. This joint property was the cause of frequent dissention, and Tiso and his sons treated with little respect the rights of the unprotected Maria. She therefore made a secret application to Ezzelino Monaco, offering to give him possession of her part of the castle, and also of her own person. The offer was willingly accepted; a force was sent by night, which threw a garrison into the castle, and carried off the lady and her moveables to Romano, where she passed many years as concubine to Ezzelino. Campretto was afterwards the centre of a very bloody and destructive war between the two families, which at length, through the intervention of the city of Padua, was terminated by a peace, but the mutual hatred of the parties still rankled in their hearts.

The public tranquillity was some years after broken by a war between the Paduans and Vicentines, in which the former, after some losses, engaged Ezzelino Monaco in their service at an established pension. The Vicentines then made a league with the Veronese, which gave them such a superiority, that Ezzelino thought proper to desert the Paduans, and ally himself with their enemies. To this change he was further induced by the hatred he bore to Padua on account of the favour of that city towards the family of Campo San Piero. The war continued with various success; and the marquis of Este having been chosen podesta of Verona against a competitor supported

by Ezzelino, the latter again changed his party, and renewed his treaty with the Paduans. When the Paduan army marched against Este, Ezzelino had the charge of laying waste the surrounding country, which he executed with all the fury of a most inveterate foe. His son was by his side, learning to practice those cruelties which afterwards so much distinguished him even in an age of cruelty. This petty war was terminated in 1212 by a treaty, and the restoration of tranquillity was celebrated in the city of Treviso by a singular entertainment. A wooden castle was erected, in which was placed a garrison of 200 women, who were to defend it without the aid of the other sex. No weapons of any kind were allowed either in the attack or defence, and a great concourse of families of distinction throughout the Marche of Treviso assembled to be spectators of this harmless warfare. It was, however, the cause of a quarrel between some Paduans and Venetians, who were joint assailants of the castle, and came to blows with each other on the field; and this trifling incident produced a war between the two states.

The marquis Azzo da Este having succeeded his brother Aldrovadino, was checked and opposed by Salinguerra da Este, a nobleman of great influence, the old enemy of the marquises of Este and the kinsman and ally of the house of Ezzelino. A bloody war ensued between them, in which the marquis was expelled from the city of Ferrara. In revenge for that and certain treacherous acts of Salinguerra, he attacked la Fratta, a castle belonging to the latter, and having taken it by storm, put to death every person found in the place, not sparing even women and children. Salinguerra sent an account of this deed to Ezzelino da Romano, who was now at the head of his house, his father having devoted himself to a religious retreat in the habit of a monk, which was the cause of the appellation of *Monaco*, given him by historians. In conjunction with his brother Alberico, Ezzelino da Romano adopted the quarrel of Salinguerra, and employed all his art and abilities to raise factions against

the marquis of Este in all the towns where he had an interest. He entered Verona, and expelling the count de San Bonifacio, the head of the party of Este, procured his own election to the dignity of Podesta. He also established his brother in the same office at Vicenza. In retaliation for the capture of la Fratta, he surprized by night the castle of Fonte, the residence of Giacomo da Campo San Piero, who had behaved with great cruelty at the storm of the former place; and carrying off the infant son of Giacomo, left a strong garrison in the castle. Giacomo made complaint of this outrage to the community of Padua, under whose protection were all the possessions of the family. The grand council of the city, consisting of a thousand persons, immediately assembling, it was resolved to march out against Ezzelino, who was reduced to considerable difficulties; but through the mediation of the state of Venice the dispute was compromised in 1228, on the condition that Ezzelino should restore the castle of Fonte, and swear allegiance to the state of Padua.

The unquiet spirit of this man soon, however, produced new troubles, by instigating the protection of Padua. The Paduans took arms to recover them, and peace was re-established upon condition of their restitution. A year or two of general tranquillity followed, which is in great part attributed to the preaching of Saint Anthony, who had left his native country of Portugal, and was come into this district in the course of his pious labours. He could not, however, prevent or pacify a tumult which arose at Verona between the parties of Ezzelino and the count Saint Bonifacio, for which reason he retired to a hermitage near Padua, where he soon after died in the highest reputation for sanctity. Another preacher, named Fra Giovanni, deputed by the pope Gregory IX. for the purpose of appeasing the party differences which then prevailed through all the towns of Lombardy, came to Padua in 1233, where he was heard with great reverence, and was successful in extinguishing many family feuds; but all his eloquence was unable to reconcile Ezzelino and

the house of Campo San Piero. The pope's chief purpose in these missions was to unite the Lombards against the emperor Frederic II. who was expected shortly to visit Italy, a measure to which he was solicited by several leading men, and especially by Ezzelino. The death of Tiso da Campo S. Piero, whose influence in Padua always thwarted the plans of Ezzelino, was highly favourable to his views; and the arrival of the emperor at Trent in 1237 gave full scope to his ambition. He conducted Frederic to Verona, which city was at his disposal; and soon after procured him admission into Vicenza. By the intrigues he was carrying on in other cities, he gave hopes of the acquisition of all Lombardy to the emperor, who, in return, promised to raise him to the highest degree of authority. When Frederic was recalled to Germany by the news of some commotions in that country, he left Ezzelino with extraordinary powers to act in concert with his commander in chief, count Goboardo.

To be continued.

MISCELLANY.

Three methods of lessening the number of Rats.

I. Introduce them at table as a delicacy. They would probably be savoury food, and if nature hath not made them so, the cook may. Rat pye would be as good as Rook pye; and four tails intertwined like the serpents of the delphic tripod, and rising into a spiral obelisk, would crest the crust more fantastically than pigeon's feet. After a while they might be declared *game* by the legislature, which would materially expedite their extirpation.

II. Make use of their fur. Rat-skin robes for the ladies would be beautiful, warm, costly, and new. Fashion requires only the two last qualities; it is hoped the two former would not be objectionable. The importance of such as a fashion to our farmers ought to have its weight. When our nobles and gentlemen feed their own pigs; our ladies may perhaps be induced to receive

an addition to their wardrobe from the hands of the rat-catcher, for a purpose of less equivocal utility.

III. Inoculate some subjects with the small-pox, or any other infectious disease, and turn them loose. Experiments should be made, least the disease should assume in them so new a form as to be capable of being returned with interest. If it succeeded, man has means in his hand which would thin the Hyenas, Wolves, Jackals, and all gregarious bsasts of prey.

N. B. If any of our patriotic societies should think proper to award a gold medal, silver cup, or other remuneration to either these methods, the projector haa left his address with the Editor. *Athenæum.*

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Translations.

It has been well said, that to translate a book is like pouring honey from one vessel into another,—something must always be lost.

Both tne Dutch and the French words for translated, will bear to be literally rendered ; *overgezet*, and *traduit*. Milton may more truely be said to be *overset* in one language, and *traduced* in the other, than translated into either. *Done* into English was not so happy a phrase, for many a book was *undone* by the operation.

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Hell.

In the early part of the last century an enquiry was published by the Rev. Tobias Swinden, into the nature and place of Hell. The former, according to this Divine, had been accurately understood, burning being the punishment, and the duration without end ; but as to the " local habitation" of the reprobate, all opinions had been erroneous. Drexelius had estimated the sum total of the damned at one hundred thousand million, all of whom he calculated might be contained within a square German mile, and not stowed closer than negroes in a Liverpool slave ship : but this appeared to the En-

glish Theologian " a poor, mean, and narrow conception, both of the numbers of the damned, and of the dimensions of Hell ;" for if their immateriality and compressibility were to be alledged, you might as well, he said, squeeze them at once into a common baker's oven. His ideas were upon a grander scale. There was not room enough, according to him, in the centre of the earth for " Eternal Tophet." Burnea's absorpt sun he thought a much more noble idea of such a furnace of fire. But his opinion was, that Tophet was the sun, which must be acknowledged by all to be capacious enough for the purpose. The time of the sun's creation is a strong reason for admitting the hypothesis, being just after the fall of the Devil and his angels. It is true that the sun is said to have been made on the fourth day : but light, and evening and morning, are mentioned as having previously existed ; now these, as proceeding from the sun, could not have been before it ; *making* on the fourth day therefore can only mean putting it in motion. The darkness which is predicated of Tophet may at first seem an objection, but it exists in the *maculæ*, the spots of the sun, which may be deep caverns and dens, proper seats of the blackness of darkness. Upon this hypothesis, the reason why sun-worship has been found so widely extended becomes manifest ; it would be as peculiarly acceptable to Satan, as serpent-worship is known to have been.

This was indeed making the souls of the wicked of some use, as Nero did the Christians when he rolled them up in tow, dipt them in pitch, and set fire to them, as torches to light up the streets of Rome. They were so many living wicks of Asbestos, fed with the inextinguishable oil of divine vengeance, that they might be burning and shining lights to the world. If Jonathan Edwards had seen the book he might have adopted its hypoihesis as a new proof of " the glory of God in the damnation of sinners.

With what feelings could this man have looked at the setting sun ?

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Cervantes.

The name Cervantes is a corruption of Servandus, a saint and martyr, son of S. Marcellus, the Centurion. It is remarkable that Cervantes and Shakespear died on the same day.

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MILL.

About the middle of the 16th century, Frey Rodrigo de Corcuera, invented a mill which worked like a clock ; a model of which he laid before Charles Vth. It was considered as an invention of considerable importance in a country where running streams are scarce, and calms frequent, and the emperor ordered him to erect one at Aguilar de Campos. He died before it was compleated.—This same Monk presented Maximilian with a sword, which by means of a spring, shot out a point of diamond with such force as to pierce the strongest breast plate.

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Mr. Richard Clark's patent method of decorating the Walls of Apartments in imitation of Fine Cloth.

The walls of the apartment are first prepared by being pumiced smooth and even, and are then washed wholly over with strong size and suffered to dry ; a second coat of size is then put on, stained with the colour intended for the apartment ; a mixture of one part mastic, (or composition of one gallon linseed oil, one gallon spirits of turpentine, and one lb. of gum animi, boiled together to the consistency of tar) and three parts of the same colour mentioned, ground in oil, must be then laid on with brushes over the second coat of size, which should be perfectly dry, smooth and even ; flocks, or the chippings got in shearing cloth, or the cuttings of cotton or silk, being previously dyed of the colour desired, are then thrown on the wall before the camposition dries, by an apparatus consisting of a receiving box to hold the

flocks, with a bellows at top and bottom, at one side of the box, to force out the flocks through a hole in the centre of the opposite side, or by a machine similar to that used for hair-powder, having its smaller end open, instead of being covered with gauze or wire. By this means the flock is attached to the walls wherever required, care being taken that it is thrown smooth and equal in every part. When dry it bears the appearance of fine cloth, and is equally close, firm, and durable. Date of patent, June, 1806.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

The 5th of December, 1759, an Earthquake entirely destroyed *Balbec*, the ancient Heliopolis of Assyria, so celebrated for the antiquity, magnificence and boldness of its ruins—it is believed that Solomon was the founder of Balbec.

5th December, 1793, *Rabaut de St. Etienne*, chief of the Protestants of France, and principal author of the civil constitution of the clergy, was guillotined at Paris with his brother.

5th December, 1794, an explosion of powder blew up the arsenal at *Landau*, which was one of the finest in Europe.

POETRY.

MY PILGRIMAGE.

Written by Sir Walter Raleigh, the night preceding his execution.

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's Balmer,
While my soul, like quiet palmer,
Trav'leth tow'rd the land of heaven;
No other balm will here be given.

Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar-fountains,

There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss.
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill;
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.

I'll take them first,
To quench my thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in chrystal buckets.

Then by that happy blestful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparell'd fresh like me.

And when our bodies and all we
Are fill'd with immortality,
Then the bless'd paths we'll travel,
Strew'd with rubies thick as gravel,
Cielings of diamond, sapphire flowers,
High walls of coral, pearly bowers.

From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl,
No conscience molten into gold,
No forg'd accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferr'd, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's attorney;
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees.

And when the twelve grand million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury
Against our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live,

Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader!
Unblotted lawyer! true proceeder!
Thou wouldst salvation e'en for alms,
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.

And this is mine eternal plea
To him that made heav'n, earth and sea;
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head!
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those bles'd paths which before I writ.
Of death and judgment, heav'n and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well."

For the Observer.

Now I'm much in love with Folly,
Leave me, leave me melancholy!
Hie thee to some dismal cell,
And with blackest midnight dwell;
There, to bitterest notes of woe,
Let thine eyes forever flow—
Hence! and leave me to be gay,
For thou shalt no longer stay.

Come, sweet laughter-loving power!
Lead a votary to thy bower,
Lead, Oh! lead me on the way,
Happy, merry, blithe and gay!—
Over beds of fragrant roses,
Where young joy with love reposes;
Whilst with dance and sprightly song,
Paphia leads the hours along!—

Now I taste, I feel thy charms!
O! what bliss my bosom warms!
Lead, and I will follow thee,
Wild as thou art and as free!

FREDERICK.

.....

TO CHLOE.

"You bid me be free, and you say, we must part,
Since absence alone can regain me my heart.
Your advice, dearest Chloe, how vain to pursue!
Who that ever knew Freedom, could ever know you?"

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SONNET.

Back to your source, my tears! nor vainly flow,
Nor ye, fond sighs! betray the griefs I mourn;
These, still uncheck'd, but indicate the woe
With which my heart unceasingly is torn.

The western breeze may o'er the mountain blow;
The vi'let's perfume on its wings be borne;
My fev'rish veins, alas! for ever glow,
And joyless from its cooling sweets I turn.

Yet in the red'ning fruit, or scented flow'r,
Increased delights are haply found for thee,
Fresh varying joys to crown each passing hour;
While from the cares I feel, thy bosom's free:
Still must the tear, the mute complaint be mine,
Of hapless wish, which hopeless I'd resign.

ERRATA,

In the last number, page 346, for "PRUSSIANS," read *Russians.*

S. MAGILL, Printer, 9, South-Street.